

AKDC Press

Macro

Imbroglia

Volume One: Ontology

F1

G2

H3

I4

J5

K6

L7

M8

N9

O0

P1

Q2

R3

S4

T5

U6

V7

W8

X9

Y0

Z1

AA2

AB3

AC4

AD5

AE6

AF7

AG8

AH9

AI0

AJ1

AK2

BL3

BM4

BN5

BO6

BP7

BQ8

BR9

BS0

BT1

BU2

BV3

BW4

BX5

BY6

BZ7

CA8

CB9

CC0

CD1

CE2

CF3

CG4

CH5

CI6

CJ7

CK8

CL9

CM0

CN1

CO2

CP3

CQ4

CR5

CS6

CT7

CU8

CV9

CW0

CX1

CY2

CZ3

DA4

DB5

DC6

DD7

DE8

DF9

DG0

DH1

DI2

DJ3

DK4

DL5

DM6

DN7

DO8

DP9

DQ0

DR1

DS2

DT3

DU4

DV5

DW6

DX7

DY8

DZ9

EA0

EB1

EC2

ED3

EE4

EF5

EG6

EH7

EI8

EJ9

EK0

EL1

EM2

EN3

EO4

EP5

EQ6

ER7

ES8

ET9

EU0

EV1

EW2

EX3

EY4

EZ5

FA6

FB7

FC8

FD9

FE0

FF1

FG2

FH3

FI4

FJ5

FK6

FL7

FM8

FN9

FO0

FP1

FQ2

FR3

FS4

FT5

FU6

FV7

FW8

FX9

FY0

FZ1

GA2

GB3

GC4

GD5

GE6

GF7

GG8

GH9

GI0

GJ1

GK2

GL3

GM4

GN5

GO6

GP7

GQ8

GR9

GS0

GT1

GU2

GV3

GW4

GX5

GY6

GZ7

HA8

HB9

HC0

HD1

HE2

HF3

FG4

GH5

GI6

GJ7

GK8

GL9

GM0

GN1

GO2

GP3

GQ4

GR5

GS6

GT7

GU8

GV9

GW0

GX1

GY2

GZ3

HA4

HB5

HC6

HD7

HE8

HF9

FG0

GH1

GI2

GJ3

GK4

GL5

GM6

GN7

GO8

GP9

GQ0

GR1

GS2

GT3

GU4

GV5

GW6

Stars were right
Making us insignificant
They are in their own good company now
Dinner plate family,
bowled to us: that spacial salad spectacle of the eye
Tonight ringed with merraged stripes;
clouds or astral bodies
who knows

There's nothing to look at
here but the sky

Nothing to
hear by day but
Church bells and cattle's death yawns
By night but dark
Trains alone, making echoes of bellowed landscape
Nothing to smell except the staleness of sugar beats
held up
and horse-shit
just paasing by

But no matter...
the stars forget the senses
or at least (only) remember them

I'm with Zapho and her evening star
It's 8:30; happy midnight

Stars were right
Making us insignificant
They are in their own good company now
Dinner plate family,
bowled to us: that spacial salad spectacle of the eye
Tonight ringed with merraged stripes;
clouds or astral bodies
who knows

There's nothing to look at
here but the sky

Nothing to
hear by day but
Church bells and cattle's death yawns
By night but dark
Trains alone, making echoes of bellowed landscape

Nothing to smell except the staleness of sugar beats
held up
and horse-shit
just paasing by

But no matter...
the stars forget the senses
or at least (only) remember them

I'm with Zapho and her evening star
It's 8:30; happy midnight

G1 G2 G3 G4 G5 G6 G7 G8 G9 1A

H1 H2 H3 H4 H5 H6 H7 H8 H9 1A

D22 D21 D20 D19 D18 D17 D16 D15 D14 D13 D12 D11 D10 D9 D8 D7 D6 D5 D4 D3 D2

C22 C21 C20 C19 C18 C17 C16 C15 C14 C13 C12 C11 C10 C9 C8 C7 C6 C5 C4 C3 C2

B17 B16 B15 B14 B13 B12 B11 B10 B9 B8 B7 B6 B5 B4 B3 B2 B1

A22 A21 A20 A19 A18 A17 A16 A15 A14 A13 A12 A11 A10 A9 A8 A7 A6 A5 A4 A3 A2